

FOLK SONGS FROM SOMERSET.

*First Edition, December, 1904.
Second Edition, June, 1905.
Third Edition, December, 1908.
Fourth Edition, February, 1910.*

FOLK SONGS

FROM SOMERSET

GATHERED AND EDITED
WITH PIANOFORTE ACCOMPANIMENT

BY

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London:

SIMPKIN & CO., LTD. SCHOTT & CO.
TAUNTON: BARNICOTT AND PEARCE, THE WESSEX PRESS.

MCMX



BANNICOTT AND PEARCE
PRINTERS

DEDICATED BY PERMISSION
TO HER ROYAL HIGHNESS
THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

PREFACE.



THE Editors wish to express their thanks to the friends who have both understood their endeavours and have furthered these in the kindest way.

They would gratefully mention the help given by Mr. and Mrs. W. Kettlewell of East Harptree, the Rev. W. D. H. Armstrong of Ilchester, Rev. F. Etherington of Minehead, Rev. D. M. Ross of Langport, Rev. J. Stubbs of Huish Episcopi, Mr. G. Cox of Langport, Mr. and Mrs. Hunt of Muchelney, and many others, who have realized the need of dealing swiftly with this important matter, and have introduced them to singers in their districts.



INTRODUCTION.



HERE is a pious tale of a man who wished to carve an image of Our Lady, and to make his work worthy of the subject, sent over the seas for cedar and sandal-wood, and for much rare and costly matter. After long delay he got his stuffs and went to work. The result was failure and the derision of his neighbours. At last, when almost in despair, he seized an oak log from the fireside ; carved, and produced a masterpiece. It is the old story, we are all so slow to learn, though it comes to us in a thousand voices, that what is near is generally valuable, if we have the wits to use it ; and this Collection of Songs is put forth as a most emphatic and persuasive statement of the old tale with the old moral.

Most of us possess and like the German Volkslieder, and the Border Ballads of the debatable land, and have quite comfortably concluded that the gift of song had, rather capriciously, descended upon Hans of Hanover and the Moss-troopers of Liddesdale, but that the Muse knew little or nothing of our own rustic England. It seemed inexplicable that she should smile upon the horse-thieves of the Tweed and the heavy footed peasants of the Fatherland, as she had smiled upon Sicily and Provence, but have no glance left for the deep-chested English countrymen and their pretty

womenfolk, Shakespeare's people, and we have wondered in prose and verse.

*“O easy access to the hearer's grace
When Dorian shepherds sang to Proserpine !
For She herself had trod Sicilian fields,
She knew the Dorian water: gush divine,
She knew each lily white which Enna yields,
Each rose with blushing face ;
She loved the Dorian pipe, the Dorian strain,
But ah, of our poor Thames she never heard !
Her foot the Cumner cowslips never stirred !
And we should tease her with our plaint in vain.”*

We therefore resigned ourselves to a mild admiration of what we could not hope to imitate. Our songs are alas ! those of the Music Hall, we concluded. Our bard is the Lion Comique. The songs of England (besides a few like “The Bailiff's Daughter,” “Hearts of Oak,” and such like) are really “The Rowdy Towdy Boys” and “Betsy Snowflake.” Yet there have been suggestions that we are possibly too cast down about ourselves. Macaulay is not a remote writer. He had no great art instincts, but he gave a clue to the mystery in his preface to the “Lays of Ancient Rome.” Let the reader study the following passage:

“It is not improbable that at the time when Cicero lamented the irreparable loss of the poems of Cato, a search among the nooks of the Apennines, as active as the search which Sir Walter Scott made among the descendants of the Moss-troopers of Liddesdale, might have brought to light many fine remains of ancient minstrelsy. No such search was made. The Latin ballads perished for ever.”

The superiority of Hans is not quite so evident after all. It is true he sings Volkslieder, but we only know about them because his rulers have had the sense to take them down reverently and to husband them carefully and to see that these songs should not be carried to the Churchyard with the old Crowders, who preserved them. The great grandsons of the Moss-troopers have still, no doubt, many fine old unwritten ballads, but no one would have ever dreamt of looking for these, if Sir Walter Scott had not revolted from the stifling decorum of the respectable dullards of his day, and discovered the wild songsters of his moors and fells and called upon all

and sundry to listen to them. We believed his facts, but have denied his faith, repudiated his methods and gone on our way blaspheming the Muses who have endowed us with no niggard portion. While the cottage and the tap-room often re-echo with really beautiful song, the so-called cultured people lament pungly that we have been forgotten in the Divine Almonry ; that we have to be content with a handful of rather doctored old ditties ; and if we want more, must guano our minds with “ The Soldiers of the Queen ” or else import foreign stuffs, just as if our Pollies, Sallies and Nancies were not far prettier, kinder and more graceful than Ännchens and Gretchens and the plait-haired beauties of the Rhine. Against this our mass of unbelief, treason and stupidity, some noble knights have already ridden a tilt. The Rev. S. Baring-Gould is the tallest man amongst them, the Launcelot of the brave adventure, but there are Percivals, Tristrams and Galahads, to wit Frank Kidsons, Fuller Maitlands and others who have preached against this ugly gospel of despair and neglect, with zeal, fervour and knowledge. These have won trophies, but they have not succeeded in rousing the hearts and wits and stylographic pens of their countrymen, in any great degree. Meanwhile the folk-song dies with the rapid mortality that is horrible to contemplate. The clapperings of the steam-binder have killed it from the harvest-field ; the board school master, a perfect Herod amongst the Innocents, slays it in the children by his crusade against all dialect but his own, and all poems except Casabianca (type of the legal spirit). The purveyors of cheap harmoniums, singing evangelists with their unspeakable songs and solos, choir-masters with their doggerel for Sunday and their clap-trap for the penny-reading, all prey upon the persecuted and forsaken remnant. Folk-song, unknown in the drawing-room, hunted out of the school, chased by the chapel deacons, derided by the middle classes, and despised by those who have been uneducated into the three R’s, takes refuge in the fastnesses of tap-rooms, poor cottages and outlying hamlets. It harbours in the heathen kingdoms and the wilder parts. It is a treasure to be sought and found in nooks and corners, underneath much mental and some moral lumber. It comes out very shyly, late at night, and is heard when the gentry have gone home to bed, when the barrack-room has exhausted its Music-hall menu. It is to be found when men have well

drunk. The parson hears of it, but rarely hears it. Domesticated and holy Penelope does not sing it at her loom. She invites you to gather up the sunbeams, or to be a Daniel. You must ask our Arcadian Aspasias if you want to get news of it. Those who shelter it the most, will often be the first to assure you that they have never heard of such a thing. They will not sing at all, cannot indeed; or if their scruples are outweighed by silvery arguments, they will oblige you with the tale of "Grandfather's Clock" or of his "Cottage by the Sea." Just as you are wearied out with "Uncle Jeff," or the strokes of the "Village Blacksmith," and are about to abandon the search and to dismiss the songster with a begrimed fee, he or she will rather apologetically remember a fragment, or maybe a complete ballad, which "grandfather used to sing," and there all at once you are face to face with some modal melody, some *Æolian* or Mixo-Lydian air from the spacious days of Elizabeth, possibly from the wars of the Roses or earlier than that. Stories, which the Scotch have claimed for their peculiar heritage, mated to airs which could never at any time have been groaned from the bagpipe, fall from the lips of carters and labourers, who have relegated them to their mental attics and far prefer the shoddy furniture which they shew you to begin with.

The surprise of such findings will give one a new interest and a new pleasure in neighbourhoods and neighbours, when these have perhaps seemed commonplace and uninteresting. The discovery of rare plants and birds is pleasant but predacious. The unearthing of carved or wrought work, of bits of pavement, pottery or hewn stone, is still more delightful, as fields, old walls, furrows or tangled banks yield their secrets scrappily and slowly. But the amateur can hardly hope to find anything very complete or well-preserved. A smudge of rust does duty for a Roman sword, a cracked corner for an amphora, a lump of stone, green and decayed, is his proof that once there was a Norman tower, but his finds are unattractive in themselves.

The Song-hunter on the other hand has an advantage over other seekers. His art-specimens are better than rare plants, even than new plants, because other nature is less interesting than human nature. He surpasses the antiquaries because his matter is not only interesting to those who know, but also is beautiful in itself. It requires no historical knowledge of music to

be able to see the fine points of a good song. Indeed a Folk-song cannot really grow old or fail in its charm. It can touch and stir the heart of the twentieth-century man, if he will but yield to it, just as deeply as it did in the far away days of its birth. Scientific music shifts and changes like other scientific accomplishments, but the native melodies of England can charm the children as they charmed the fathers. They can perhaps do more. They can turn the hearts of the children back to the fathers and knit past and present together in great and unaffected sympathy, and that is no mean proof of their vitality.

Perhaps collectors can have as great joy in their work as artists themselves, possibly even greater. The power of creative imagination goes with capacity for pain, with some maternal anxiety for the welfare of the work, with exaltations and agonies and a heavy sense of responsibility. The collector has no such labour-pains. He can enjoy what he finds, eating from vines which he did not plant. If the canons of time or conventionality are freely entreated, no one holds him responsible. For whatever he finds that is comely or dainty or wise or spirited or appealing, he claims and is allowed a pleasant little meed of gratitude and grace. People thank the picture collector when he shews them his gallery. If they are not equally pleased with some of the subjects or treatments, they do not frown upon their host and showman. Moreover song is really communal. We do not rob the poor man when we take his song. It is not like buying away his ancestral chest or his grandmother's tea-pot. Rather we enrich him by making him more conscious that he owns treasures. We exalt instead of depressing him, and for ourselves we gain not only something new and strange, but imperceptibly a kinder, wider and more liberal outlook. What we took perhaps to be waste products, prove to be rich ores, and thus there is no slight advantage in song hunting.

The folk-song is like the duck-billed platypus in this particular, you can live for years within a few yards of it and never suspect its existence. The tale of these songs astonishes even him who tells. Eight years of constant residence in the small village of Hambridge, in Somerset, had left him in Stygian ignorance of the wealth of Art which that village contained. Only one song, and that by chance, had fallen upon his untouched ears. The

gardener at the Parsonage, rather late in the evening too, at the annual choir supper, sang "The Seeds of Love" with one of the ladies of the choir. Search was made for the music and several tunes were found, but none of these was the right one, and so the singers broke out unaccompanied into the lovely melody here given. It was the song of the evening, and I remembered it gratefully and mentioned it to several musical friends who all assured me that it must be one of the tunes already captured. At last Mr. Cecil Sharp came down and heard it sung. In a moment he recognized its value and we started a vigorous song hunt.

The father of the village, an old man of ninety-eight, gave us the next one, a variant upon an old satire, which Durfey collected in the seventeenth century, upon the foolish chatter of Gossip Joan. Then we concluded that the home fields were reaped, and bicycled it to space to gather something we had heard about in a distant village. On our return, one of the carters suggested that two or three women might help us, and we applied to Mrs. Goodland who, though old and infirm, gave us a fine old farm-song, "The Barley Mow," and some of "The Farmer's Boy." Then we applied to two sisters, Mrs. Hooper and Mrs. White, and to the dairyman at Earnshill Barn, Mr. Tom Sprachlan. These three most kindly came up to the Parsonage, and surprised us by the wealth and variety of the songs they knew. In ten days, by their help and by that of one or two others, the note books contained over forty songs, many of them of real importance, and some of them of a rare delicacy and deliciousness. Not only were the songs of fine beauty, but they were so varied in sweep, scope and date that our find took no small time to digest and classify. Mr. Sharp was called away by the opening of term at the Hampstead Conservatoire : but before that term ended he was able to give a lecture upon English Folk-song which was received with great enthusiasm, and awoke much interest in the press. Several leading papers had long notices, and made grateful comments upon the work. One more week at Hambridge gave him another five-and-forty songs, wholly taken from the village, and revealed the further fact that the supply was not anything like exhausted. If the public take one tithe of the interest in these songs which the mere literary editor feels, there is as good to be found in the rest of the sack as in the sample here presented. But

Hambridge is not peculiarly a nest of singing birds. On the contrary we hear that most of the villages about already boast that they can out-sing us. They only need some attentive ear and ready pen, it is said, and they will mate our songs with as good or better ones. So far as we have proved them they do not boast vainly: and the same may be asserted of nearly every village from John-o'-Groats to the Land's End. But it will not be so for long. It is the last lingering remnant of the old village life; a survival of the times when the village had more or less an independent existence, built its own church, hanged its rogues, made its own boots, shirts and wedding rings, and chanted its own tunes. All the rest is gone. We cannot call our souls our own now. We create nothing. We cannot even sell our trees without an auctioneer from a town. The people are going away fast, and in a couple of generations of such progress, there will be neither songs nor singers in the silent fields.

Wouldbe collectors however must expect a great many difficulties and discouragements. It is not everyone who can write down a tune correctly, and even of those who possess the power to do so, only a few have the ability to recognize a treasure when it is contained in an earthen vessel. A ballad bawled from a lusty throat which has been already used copiously for other purposes, a ballad heard in a stable or barton, particularly if it is both modal and intricate, does not at first appear to be the jewel that it is. It is often a venture of faith to transcribe it, and it is only when the collector transcribes it into the purer tones of thought, or of the piano, that he realises how lucky a finder he has been. But, given the power and the discernment, he will have no small difficulty in getting to hear the ballad at all. The reason is quite obvious. Townspeople are never tired of making fun of their country cousins, fun not always in the best of taste. The tenore legato of some second-rate borough or the baritone who is so much admired by the ladies in the suburban church of St. Jude the Economist, will laugh our old national ballads to scorn. If he is persuaded to attempt them, he will do so with music-hall gestures and vulgar superciliousness. His mental attitude is well gauged by the pawky countryman, who is unlikely to bare his art-soul to the scorner from the suburbs, who drops in upon him from nowhere, riding a bicycle as if he were travelling for assurance or sewing

machines. Of course if the countryman is somewhat in his cups, he will sing before kings without hesitation, but then he is apt to mingle his modes in a way disapproved by art and hardly grateful to propriety. It is well to be introduced ; to be a friend of the parson or of the publican or of someone who will pave the way by kind words, and convince the singer that one has no comic nor sinister design, otherwise one will be directed to some red-faced and bulbous ancient who is said to be the life of all parties, the Meistersinger of the village and the inn, and that reverend Falstaff will gravely assure the enquirer that he has lost his voice these many years from hallooing of anthems ; that his memory has clean forsaken him, and that his gouty foot is all that remains from the days of his revelry. Believe him not. Only last night that now methodistical dumb ancient was leading a rousing chorus in the tap-room down the lane, and, if he knew you, could sing as the neighbours will tell you “till his head be bawled off ;” and what is more, there are several men as good as he. Song is not won widow-wise, “by brisk assault and putting on, by boldly entering in and urging,” but rather must be wooed by slow approaches, like a maid.

The collection here made is presented to the public as nearly as possible just as it was taken down from the lips of the singers ; in the tunes with exact fidelity. We have not tried to reproduce by spelling the Somerset dialect, because such attempts are useless to those who know, and merely misleading to the ignorant. But anything like a peculiar use, which is characteristic of the speech, we have carefully kept, as we have done with archaisms and rare words. We have reluctantly changed the weak perfects into strong ones, but this can easily be *seed* and *knowed* and changed back again by the reader who chooses to do so. In a few instances the sentiment of the song has been softened, because the conventions of our less delicate and more dishonest time demand such treatment, but indication has been given, and we plead compulsion and not desire in these alterations. Things which were obvious slips of grammar we have corrected, but not until all other excuses for them had been tried.

The musical setting is wholly the work of Mr. Cecil Sharp, and he has aimed at a mean between an elaborate accompaniment and a setting too simple and bald for things so rich and rare. The former would have

changed their sweet gaiety into an unnatural and affected pose : the latter would have left the reader without indication of the spirit of the singers, who, by tone, gesture and glance, often shewed how well they knew the fine points of the airs which they rendered. These *nuances* can be best expressed by a suitable musical setting. I have no fear but that the reader's judgment will approve of what he sees and hears in this matter and that he will notice how reverently Mr. Sharp has handled his dainty themes. It is for this reverence that we chiefly plead with the reader.

These are not mere uncouth, clownish things which we present here, but we would rather be bold enough to say to him—

*“ Thou hearrest the immortal chants of old !
Putting his sickle to the perilous grain
In the hot cornfield of the Phrygian king,
For thee the Litzyrses song again
Young Daphnis with his silver voice doth sing ;
Sings his Sicilian fold,
His sheep, his hapless love, his blinded eys ;
And how a call celestial round him rang,
And heavenward from the fountain brink he sprang,
And all the mardel of the golden skies.”*

C. L. M.



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FOLK SONGS.

THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

- 1 I sowed the Seeds of Love,
And I sowed them in the Spring :
I gathered them up in the morning so soon,
While the small birds so sweetly sing.
- 2 My garden was planted well
With flowers everywhere :
But I had not the liberty to choose for myself
Of the flowers that I love so dear.
- 3 The gardener was standing by ;
And I asked him to choose for me.
He chose for me the Violet, the Lily, and the Pink,
But those I refused all three.
- 4 The Violet I did not like,
Because it bloomed so soon.
The Lily and the Pink I really overthink,
So I vowed that I would wait till June.
- 5 In June there was a red Rosebud,
And that is the flower for me.
I oftentimes have plucked that red Rosebud
Till I gained the willow tree.
- 6 The willow tree will twist
And the willow tree will twine ;
I oftentimes have wished I were in that young man's arms
That once had the heart of mine.
- 7 Come, all you false young men,
Do not leave me here to complain :
For the grass that has oftentimes been trampled under foot,
Give it time, it will rise up again.

I. THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

Voice.
 Accomp.
Andantino.

I sowed the seeds of love, And I
 sowed them in the spring I ga - thered them up in the
 morn-ing so soon, While the small birds so sweet - ly sing, While the small birds so sweet-ly
 sing. The tree. The wil - low-tree will twist, And the

cres. *dim.* *p*
rall. *p* *piu lento.*

willow tree will twine I of - tentimes have wished I were in that young man's arms That
 cres.

once had the heart of mine; That once had the heart of mine. Come
 f dim. *Tempo primo.*
 mf

all you false young men, Do not leave me here to com - plain For the
 f dim. *Tempo primo.*
 mf

grass that has of - tentimes been trampled un - der foot, Give it time, it will rise up a -
 p

gain: Give it time, it will rise up a - gain.

f colla voce. *rall.*

II. GEORDIE.

Andante con moto.

Come,
bride - me my milk - white steed, Come, bri - dle me my po - ny, That
I may ride to fair Lon - don town To plead for my Geor - die....

D.C. dal §.

dim.

D.C. dal §.

dim.

FINE.

1 COME, bridle me my milk-white steed,
Come, bridle me my pony,
That I may ride to fair London town
To plead for my Geordie.

2 And when she entered in the hall
There were lords and ladies plenty.
Down on her knee she then did fall
To plead for the life of Geordie.

3 Then Geordie look-ed round the court,
And saw his dearest Polly :
He said : My dear you've come too late,
For I'm condemned already !

4 Then the judge he look-ed down on him
And said : I'm sorry for thee.

'Tis thine own confession hath hang-ed thee,
May the Lord have mercy upon thee.

5 O Geordie stole no cow nor calf
And he never murdered any, [steeds
But he stole sixteen of the king's white
And sold them in Bohenny.

6 Let Geordie hang in golden chains,
His crimes were never many,
Because he came from the royal blood
And courted a virtuous lady.

7 I wish I was in yonder grove,
Where times I have been many,
With my broad sword and pistol too,
I'd fight for the life of Geordie.

III. THE SIGN OF THE BONNY BLUE BELL.

Allegretto.

As I was a - walk-ing one

Allegretto.

p rail. p a tempo.

eras.

morn-ing in Spring, To hear the birds whis- tle and the night-in-gale sing, I heard a fair

crea.

dam - sel so sweet-ly sung she; Say-ing, I will be mar-ried on a Tues-day morn-ing; I

f

mf

heard a fair dam-sel so sweet-ly sung she; Say-ing, I will be mar-ried on a Tues-day morn-ing.

D.C.

mf

FINE.

THE SIGN OF THE BONNY BLUE BELL.

- 1 As I was a-walking one morning in Spring
To hear the birds whistle and the nightingale sing,
I heard a fair damsel, so sweetly sung she ;
Saying: I will be married on a Tuesday morning.
- 2 I stepp-ed up to her and thus I did say :
Pray tell me your age and where you belong,
I belong to the sign of the Bonnie Blue Bell ;
My age is sixteen and you know very well.
- 3 Sixteen, pretty maid, you are young for to marry,
I'll leave you the other four years for to tarry.
You speak like a man without any skill ;
Four years I've been single against my own will.
- 4 On Monday night when I go there
To powder my locks and to curdle my hair,
There were three pretty maidens for me a-waiting,
Saying : I will be married on a Tuesday morning.
- 5 On a Tuesday morning the bells they shall ring
And three pretty maidens so sweetly shall sing :
So neat and so gay is my golden ring
Saying : I shall be married on a Tuesday morning.

IV. THE SWEET PRIMEROSES.

Andante con espressione.

As I was a -

Andante con espressione.

p

p

p

- walk - ing one mid-summer morn - ing, A - view-ing the mea - dows and to take the

mf

air, 'Twas down by the banks of the sweet prim - e - ro - ses When I be -

held a most love - ly Fair.

FINE.

The musical score consists of four staves of music for voice and piano. The top two staves are for the voice, and the bottom two are for the piano. The music is in 3/2 time, with a key signature of one sharp. The vocal parts are marked 'Andante con espressione'. The piano parts include dynamic markings 'p' (piano) and 'mf' (mezzo-forte). The lyrics are integrated into the musical lines, with the piano providing harmonic support. The score concludes with a 'FINE.' at the end of the vocal line.

THE SWEET PRIMÉROSES.

- 1 As I was a-walking one midsummer morning,
A-viewing the meadows and to take the air,
'Twas down by the banks of the sweet priméroses,
When I beheld a most lovely Fair.
- 2 With three long steps I stepped up to her,
Not knowing her as she passed me by ;
I stepped up to her, thinking to view her,
She appeared to me like some Virtue's bride.
- 3 I said : Pretty maid, how far are you going ?
And what is the reason of all your grief ?
I'll make you as happy as any lady,
If you will grant me one small relief.
- 4 Stand off, stand off, you are deceitful ;
You are deceitful, young man, 'tis plain—
'Tis you that have caused my poor heart to wander
And to give me comfort 'tis all in vain.
- 5 I will take thee down to some lonesome valley,
Where no man nor mortal shall ever me tell ;
Where the pretty little small birds do change their voices,
And every moment their notes do swell.
- 6 Come all young men that go a-courting,
Pray give attention to what I say,
There's many a dark and cloudy morning
Turns out to be a sunshiny day.

V. SWEET KITTY.

Moderato.

p

As He was a - ri - ding and a -

Moderato.

p

ri - ding one day He met with sweet Kit - ty all on the high

way; Sing fol - the did-dle de - ro, Fol the did-dle de - ro, Sing

le - ro - i - day.

mf

mf

FINE.

SWEET KITTY.

- 1 As He was a-riding, and a-riding one day,
He met with sweet Kitty all on the highway ;
 Sing fol the diddle dero,
 Fol the diddle dero,
 Sing lero i day.
- 2 She blinded his eyes and she troubled his dreams :
 And nothing henceforward is just what it seems.
 Sing, etc.
- 3 Come, saddle my horse and away I will ride
 To meet with sweet Kitty down by the sea side.
 Sing, etc.
- 4 He rode round her six times, but never did know ;
 Though she smiled in his face and said : There goes my Beau.
 Sing, etc.
- 5 He gazed in her face and he ask-ed her name,
 But he never had ears for the sound of the same.
 Sing, etc.
- 6 If you would know my name you must go and inquire,
 I was born in old England, brought up in Yorkshire.
 Sing, etc.
- 7 Now all you young fellows, just bear this in mind,
 And don't miss your sweethearts, for Love he is blind.
 Sing, etc.

VI. MOWING THE BARLEY.

Allegretto grazioso.

Law - er he went out one day, A - for to take his plea - sure, And

who should he spy but some fair pret - ty maid, So hand - some and so clev - er? Where

are you go - ing to, my pret - ty maid, Where are you go-ing, my ho - ney? Go-ing

MOWING THE BARLEY.

1 A LAWYER he went out one day,
A-for to take his pleasure,
And who should he spy but some fair
pretty maid,
So handsome and so clever ?

Where are you going to, my pretty
maid ?

Where are you going, my honey ?
Going over the hills, kind sir, she said,
To my father a mowing the barley.

2 The Lawyer, he went out next day,
A thinking for to view her ; [went,
But she gave him the slip and away she
All over the hills to her father.

3 This Lawyer had a useful nag,
And soon he overtook her ;
He caught her around the middle so small,
And on his horse he placed her.

4 Hold up your cheeks my fair pretty
maid,
Hold up your cheeks my honey,
That I may give you a fair pretty kiss,
And a handful of golden money.

5 O keep your gold and silver too,
And take it where you're going ;
For there's many a rogue and scamp like
you,
Has brought young girls to ruin.

6 Then the Lawyer told her a story bold,
As together they were going,
Till she quite forgot the barley field,
And left her father a mowing.

7 And now she is the Lawyer's wife,
And dearly the Lawyer loves her,
They live in a happy content of life ;
And well in the station above her.

VII. THE UNQUIET GRAVE

OR, COLD BLOWS THE WIND.

Allegretto dolente.

Cold

blows the wind to my true love, And gently drops the

rain,..... I never had but one sweetheart, And in

greenwood she lies slain, And in greenwood she lies slain.....

D.C. dal Segno.

THE UNQUIET GRAVE
OR
COLD BLOWS THE WIND.

- 1 COLD blows the wind to my true love,
And gently drops the rain.
I never had but one sweetheart,
And in greenwood she lies slain.
- 2 I'll do as much for my sweetheart
As any young man may ;
I'll sit and mourn all on her grave,
A twelvemonth and a day.
- 3 The twelvemonth and the day was past,
The ghost began to speak :
What make you, sitting upon my grave,
And will not let me sleep ?
- 4 What is it that you want of me,
And will not let me sleep ?
Your salted tears they trickle down
And wet my winding sheet.
- 5 What dost thou want of me, true heart,
Of me what dost thou crave ?
One only kiss from your lily-white lips,
Then I'll go from your grave.
- 6 My lips are cold as clay, sweetheart,
My breath smells earthy and strong,
And if you kiss my lily-white lips
Your time will not be long.
- 7 My time be short, my time be long,
To-morrow or to-day,
May Christ in Heaven have all my soul—
But I'll kiss your lips of clay.
- 8 When shall we meet again, sweetheart ?
When shall we meet again ?
When the oaken leaves that fall from the trees
Are green—and spring again.

VIII. BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW.

Allegro con brio.

There was a farmer's
son Kept sheep all on the hill; And he walked out one May morning To
see what he could kill. And sing blow a-way the morn-ing Dew, The Dew and the
Dew, Blow a-way the morn-ing Dew, How sweet the Winds do blow.

f

cres.

decres.

colla voce.

D.C.

BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW.

- 1 THERE was a farmer's son
Kept sheep all on the hill ;
And he walked out one May morning,
To see what he could kill.

Chorus. And sing blow away the morning dew,
The dew, and the dew.
Blow away the morning dew,
How sweet the winds do blow.

- 2 He look-ed high, he look-ed low,
He cast an under look ;
And there he saw a fair pretty maid
Beside the watery brook.
- 3 Cast over me my mantel fair
And pin it o'er my gown ;
And, if you will, take hold my hand,
And I will be your own.
- 4 If you come down to my father's house,
Which is wall-ed all around ;
There you shall have a kiss from me,
And twenty thousand pound.
- 5 He mounted on a milk-white steed,
And she upon another ;
And then they rode along the lane,
Like sister and like brother.
- 6 As they were riding on alone,
They saw some poocks of hay.
O is not this a very pretty place
For the girls and boys to play ?
- 7 But when they came to her father's gate,
So nimble she popped in :
And said : There is a fool without
And here's the maid within.
- 8 We have a flower in our garden,
We call it Marygold :
And if you will not when you may,
You shall not when you wolde.

IX. THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES, O !

Allegro commodo.

There were three gip - sies a-come to my door, And

Allegro commodo.

mf

down-stairs ran this a la - dy, O ! One sang high and an - oth-ersang low And the

mf

ff

oth-er sang bon-ny, bon-ny Bis - cay, O !

ora.

ff

FINE

THE WRAGGLE TAGGLE GIPSIES, O !

- 1 THERE were three gipsies a-come to my door,
And downstairs ran this a-lady, O !
One sang high and another sang low
And the other sang bonny, bonny Biscay, O !
- 2 Then she pulled off her silk finished gown
And put on hose of leather, O !
The ragged, ragged rags about our door—
She's gone with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O !
- 3 It was late last night, when my lord came home,
Enquiring for his a-lady, O !
The servants said, on every hand :
She's gone with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O !
- 4 O saddle to me my milk-white steed,
Go and fetch me my pony, O !
That I may ride and seek my bride,
Who is gone with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O !
- 5 O he rode high and he rode low,
He rode through woods and copses too,
Until he came to an open field,
And there he espied his a-lady, O !
- 6 What makes you leave your house and land ?
What makes you leave your money, O ?
What makes you leave your new wedded lord,
To go with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O ?
- 7 What care I for my house and my land ?
What care I for my money, O ?
What care I for my new wedded lord ?
I'm off with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O !
- 8 Last night you slept on a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O !
And to-night you'll sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O !
- 9 What care I for a goose-feather bed,
With the sheet turned down so bravely, O ?
For to-night I shall sleep in a cold open field,
Along with the wraggle taggle gipsies, O !

X. HARES ON THE MOUNTAINS.

FIRST VERSION.

Moderato.

Moderato.

Young wo-men they run like
hares on the moun-tains, Young wo-men they run like hares on the
moun-tains. If I were but a young man, I'd soon go a-hunt-ing, To my
right fol did-dle de-ro, To my right fol did-dle dee.

FINE.

HARES ON THE MOUNTAINS.

FIRST VERSION.

- 1 Young women they run like hares on the mountains,
Young women they run like hares on the mountains.
If I were but a young man, I'd soon go a-hunting,
To my right fol diddle dero, to my right fol diddle dee.
- 2 Young women they sing like birds in the bushes,
Young women they sing like birds in the bushes.
If I were but a young man, I'd go and bang those bushes,
To my right fol diddle dero, to my right fol diddle dee.
- 3 Young women they swim like ducks in the water,
Young women they swim like ducks in the water.
If I were but a young man I'd go and swim after,
To my right fol diddle dero, to my right fol diddle dee.

XI. HARES ON THE MOUNTAINS.

SECOND VERSION.

Allegretto grazioso.

If all those young

Allegretto grazioso.

men were as hares on the moun - tains Then all those pret - ty

cres. *mf*

maid - ens would get guns, go hunt - ing With ri fol de dee, Cal al de day

p

ri fol - i - dee.

cres. *dim.* *p* **FINE.**

HARES ON THE MOUNTAINS.

SECOND VERSION.

- 1 If all those young men were as hares on the mountains,
Then all those pretty maidens will get guns, go a-hunting.
With ri fol de dee, cal al de day, ri fol i dee.
- 2 If all those young men were as rushes a-growing,
Then all those pretty maidens will get scythes, go a-mowing.
With ri fol de dee, cal al de day, ri fol i dee.
- 3 If all those young men were as ducks in the water,
Then all those pretty maidens will soon follow after.
With ri fol de dee, cal al de day, ri fol i dee.

XII. BRUTON TOWN.

Allegro moderato.

8

mf

In Bru - ton Town there

Allegro moderato.

X

f *mf*

lived a far - mer Who had two sons and one daugh - ter dear. By

day and night they were a-contriv-ing To fill their par - ents hearts with

fear. One told his se - cret to none oth - er, But

BRUTON TOWN.

1 In Bruton Town there lived a farmer,
Who had two sons and one daughter dear.
By day and night they were a-contriving
To fill their parents' hearts with fear.
One told his secret to none other,
But unto his brother this he said :
I think our servant courts our sister,
I think they have a mind to wed.

2 If he our servant courts our sister,
That maid from such a shame I'll save.
I'll put an end to all their courtship,
And send him silent to his grave.
A day of hunting was prepar-ed,
In thorny woods where briars grew,
And there they did that young man
murder,
And in the brook his fair body threw.

3 Now welcome home, my dear young
brothers,
Our servant man is he behind ? [hunting,
We've left him where we've been a-
We've left him where no man can find.

She went to bed crying and lamenting,
Lamenting for her heart's delight.
She slept. She dreamed. She saw him
by her
All bloody red in gory plight.

4 His lovely curls were wet with water ;
His body all agape with blows.
O Love, for thee I've suffered murder :
I'm lying now where no man knows.
Then she rose early the very next morning,
Unto the yonder brook she sped,
There she beheld her own dear jewel
In gory plight, all bloody red.

5 She took her kerchief from her pocket,
She took his head upon her knee ;
And then she wiped his dear eyes softly :
She wiped those eyes that could not see.
And since my brothers have been so cruel
To take your tender sweet life away,
One grave shall hold us both together,
And along with you in death I'll stay.

XIII. AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

Allegretto con grazia.

As I walked thro' the meadows to

Allegretto con grazia.

p As I walked thro' the meadows to

take the fresh air, The flow - ers were bloom-ing and gay;..... I

heard a fair dam-sel so sweet-ly a - sing - ing, Her cheeks like the blos - som in

colla voce.

May..... Said I, "Pret - ty maid, shall I go with you In the

mf

meadows to gather some May? ... She answered, "O no, sir, my pathway is here, An-y
 other would lead me a - stray" ...

cello. voc.

a tempo. *cres.* *dim.* *p.* *FINE.*

AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

- 1 As I walked through the meadows to take the fresh air,
 The flowers were blooming and gay ;
 I heard a young damsel so sweetly a-singing,
 Her cheeks like the blossom in May.
 Said I : Pretty maid shall I go with you
 In the meadows to gather some may ?
 She answered : O no, sir, my pathway is here,
 Any other would lead me astray.
- 2 So she pattered along with her dear little feet,
 But I followed and soon came a-near ;
 And I called her so pretty, so handsome and sweet,
 That she took me at last for her dear.
 I took the fair maid by her lily-white hand,
 On the green mossy bank we sat down,
 Then I plac-ed a kiss on her sweet ruby lips :
 A tree spread its branches around.
- 3 So when we did rise from the green bushy grove,
 In the meadows we wandered away,
 And I placed my true love on a primérose bank,
 While I picked her a handful of may.
 The very next morning I made her my bride,
 Soon after the breaking of day.
 The bells they did ring and the birds they did sing
 As I crowned her the Queen of sweet May.

XIV. THE BANKS OF GREEN WILLOW.

Alllegretto.

Go

Alllegretto.

f *p* *mf*

home and get some of your fa - ther's gold, And some of your mo - ther's

f *dim.*

mon - ey: And you shall go a-board with me, For to be my dear

dim.

hon - ey, For to be my dear hon - ey.

p *dim.* *p* *FINE.*

THE BANKS OF GREEN WILLOW.

- 1 Go home and get some of your father's gold,
And some of your mother's money :
And you shall go aboard with me
For to be my dear honey, for to be my dear honey.
- 2 He had not sail-ed many miles
Not many miles, nor fairly,
Before he was troubled
With her and her baby, with her and her baby.
- 3 For O the ship was pixy-held
And lots were cast for the cause on't ;
But every time the lot fell out
On her and her baby, on her and her baby.
- 4 He tied a napkin round her head
And he tied it to the baby :
And then he threw them overboard
Both her and her baby, both her and her baby.
- 5 See how my love she will try to swim
She how my love she will taver ;
See how my love she will try to swim,
To the banks of green willow, to the banks of green willow.
- 6 I will have a coffin made for my love,
And I'll edge it all with yellow,
Then she shall be buri-ed
On the banks of green willow, on the banks of green willow.

XV. THE TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH.

Allegretto espressivo.

p

The trees they do grow high, and the leaves they do grow

Allegretto espressivo.

p

green; But the time is gone and past, my Love, that you and I have seen. It's a

ora.

cold win - ter's night, my Love, when you and I must bide a lone. The bon - ny lad was

dim.

young, but a grow-ing.....

D.C. dal 

D.C. dal 

FINE.

THE TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH.

- 1 THE trees they do grow high, and the leaves they do grow green ;
But the time is gone and past, my Love, that you and I have seen,
It's a cold winter's night, my Love, when you and I must bide alone.
 The bonny lad was young, but a-growing,
- 2 O father, dear father, I fear you've done me harm,
You've married me to a bonny boy, but I fear he is too young.
O daughter, dearest daughter, but if you stay at home with me
A lady you shall be, while he's growing.
- 3 We will send him to the college for one year or two,
And then perhaps in time my Love, a man he may grow.
I will buy you white ribbons to tie about his bonny waist,
To let the ladies know that he's married.
- 4 At the age of sixteen, O he was a married man,
At the age of seventeen, he was the father of a son,
At the age of eighteen, my Love, his grave it was a-growing green ;
And so she saw the end of his growing.
- 5 She made her love a shroud of the holland, O so fine,
And every stitch she put in it, the tears came trinkling down.
O once I had a sweetheart, but now I have got never a one :
So fare you well my own true Love, for ever.
- 6 The trees they do grow high, and the leaves they do grow green ;
But the time is gone and past, my Love, that you and I have seen.
It's a cold winter's night, my Love, when you and I must bide alone.
 So fare you well my own true love, for ever.

XVI. SHOOTING OF HIS DEAR.

Allegretto sostenuto.

Young Jim he went

Allegretto sostenuto.

p

hunt - ing with his dog and gun, On pur - pose to shoot at some

li - ly white swan, With his love peer - ing round him he took her to be a

swan, So he shot his dear dar - ling with a rat - tel - ing gun.

f a tempo.

dim.

f a tempo.

dim.

colla voce.

FINE.

SHOOTING OF HIS DEAR.

- 1 YOUNG Jim he went hunting with his dog and gun,
On purpose to shoot at some lily-white swan :
With his love peering round him he took her to be a swan,
So he shot his dear darling with a ratteling gun.
- 2 And when he came to her and found it was she,
His heart bled with sorrow till his eyes could not see,
Crying : Polly, dear Polly, my own heart's delight,
If you were but living you should be my bride.
- 3 He took up his gun and straightway went home,
Crying : Uncle, dear Uncle, do you know what I've done ?
With my love swiffling round me I took her to be a swan,
So I shot my dear darling with a ratteling gun.
- 4 Then up spoke his Uncle with his hair growing gray :
You're sure to be hung if you do run away :
Stay at home in your country till the 'Sizes come on,
You never shall be hang-ed for the shooting of one.
- 5 In six weeks' time when the 'Sizes came on
Young Polly appeared in the form of a swan,
Crying : Jimmy, young Jimmy, young Jimmy is clear,
He never shall be hang-ed for the shooting of his dear.

XVII. THE FOGGY DEW.

Moderato grazioso.

One

Moderato grazioso.

night as I lay in my bed; As I lay fast a - sleep, My

pre - ty Love seemed to come to my head, And bit - ter - ly she did weep. She

wrong her hands and she tore her hair cry - ing, ask - ing, what shall I do? For they

say the love that men folk bear Dries off like the fog - gy dew, dew, dew, more
 swift than the fog - gy dew.

cres. dim. FINE.

THE FOGGY DEW.

- 1 ONE night as I lay in my bed,
 As I lay fast asleep
 My pretty Love seemed to come to my head
 And bitterly she did weep.
 She wrung her hands and she tore her hair
 Crying, asking : What shall I do ?
 For they say the love that menfolk bear
 Dries off like the foggy dew, dew, dew,
 More swift than the foggy dew.
- 2 Watch on, dear Love, the lee long night,
 And the morning will be here ;
 Then rise pretty maid and don't be afraid,
 Men love, be it mist or clear,
 So dry your eyes and kiss me dear
 As once you used to do :
 For the only cold that you need fear
 Is the chill of the foggy dew, dew, dew,
 Is the chill of the foggy dew.
- 3 She dried her eyes and the gay sun shone,
 And the world grew green in the blue.
 For the last of the foggy dew was gone
 The last of the foggy dew.
 But love was there in the mist and shine
 The old love, wonder and new.
 O fie, pretty maid, to let eyes like thine
 Be dimmed by the foggy dew, dew, dew,
 By fear of the foggy dew.

XVIII. SHEEP SHEARING SONG.

Andante sostenuto.

It's a rose - bud in

Andante sostenuto.

June and vio - lets in full bloom, And the small! birds sing - ing Love

mf

songs on each spray; We'll pipe and we'll sing, Love, we'll dance in a

mf

marc.

p

rit.

ring, Love, When each lad takes his lass all on the green grass, And it's all.....

p

colta voce.



SHEEP-SHEARING SONG.

- 1 It's a rosebud in June, and violets in full bloom,
And the small birds singing love songs on each spray ;
We'll pipe and we'll sing, Love,
We'll dance in a ring, Love,
When each lad takes his lass
All on the green grass ;
And it's all to plough where the fat oxen graze low,
And the lads and the lasses to sheep shearing go.
- 2 When we have a-sheared all our jolly, jolly sheep,
What joy can be greater than to talk of their increase ?
We'll pipe and we'll sing, Love,
We'll dance in a ring, Love,
When each lad takes his lass
All on the green grass ;
And it's all to plough where the fat oxen graze low,
And the lads and the lasses to sheep shearing go.
- 3 With the lily-white pail filled full of brown ale,
Our table, our table is all on the green grass ;
We'll pipe and we'll sing, Love,
We'll dance in a ring, Love,
When each lad takes his lass
All on the green grass ;
And it's all to plough where the fat oxen graze low,
And the lads and the lasses to sheep shearing go.

XIX. THE TWO MAGICIANS.

Vivace.

O She looked out of the window as white as an y milk ;.... But

Vivace.

p

He looked in - to the window as black as a ny silk..... Hul - loa hul-loa hul -

X mf

mf

- loa hul-loa you coal black smith ! you have done me no harm.... you

p

never shall change my maid - en name that I have kept so long ; ... I'd ra - ther die a

cres.

mf

maid. Yes, but then she said, And be buried all in my grave... than I'd have such a nast - y,

husk - y, dush - y, must - y, fusk - y, coal black smith.... A maid - en I will

Then she became a duck,.... A

duck all on the stream, And he became a wa - ter dog and fetched her back a - gain...

3 Then she became a hare,
A hare upon the plain;
And he became a greyhound dog
And fetched her back again
Hulloa, etc.

4 Then she became a fly,
A fly all in the air;
And he became a spider
And fetched her to his lair
Hulloa, etc.

XX. THE FALSE BRIDE.

Andante affettuoso.

p

when that I saw my love in the Church

stand With the glove pull - ing off and the ring in her

hand, I jumped in be - twixt them and kissed the false

mf

mf *cresc.*

THE FALSE BRIDE.

- 1 O WHEN that I saw my Love in the church stand
With the glove pulling off and the ring in her hand,
I jumped in betwixt them and kissed the false bride,
Saying : Adieu to false Loves for ever !
- 2 O when that I saw my Love from the church go
Then I followed after with my heart full of woe :
I thought her sweet company better than wine,
Although she was tied to some other.
- 3 O when that I saw my Love sit down at meat,
I sat down beside her but nothing could eat.
I thought her sweet company better than meat,
Although she was tied to some other.
- 4 You dig me a grave that is long, wide, and deep,
And strew it all over with flowers so sweet :
That I may lie down there and take my long sleep,
And that's the best way to forget her.

XXI. HIGH GERMANY.

Alla marcia.

Alla marcia.

f

mf

O Poly, Love, O Poly, the

rout has now be - gun And we must march a - way at the beat - ing of the

marc.

cres.

f

drum. Go dress your-self all in your best and come a-long with me, I'll

cres.

f

take you to the cru - el wars in High Ger-man - ie.

D.C. dal 

D.C. dal 

FINE.



HIGH GERMANY.

- 1 O POLLY, Love, O Polly, the rout has now begun
And we must march away at the beating of the drum :
Go dress yourself all in your best and come along with me,
I'll take you to the cruel wars in High Germany.
- 2 O Harry, O Harry, you mind what I do say,
My feet they are so tender I cannot march away,
And besides, my dearest Harry, though I'm in love with thee,
How am I fit for cruel wars in High Germany ?
- 3 I'll buy you a horse, my Love, and on it you shall ride,
And all my heart's delight shall be riding by your side ;
We'll call at every ale-house, and drink when we are dry,
So quickly on the road, my Love, we'll marry by and by.
- 4 O curs-ed were the cruel wars that ever they should rise
And out of merry England press many a lad likewise !
They pressed young Harry from me, likewise my brothers
three,
And sent them to the cruel wars in High Germany.

XXII. BARBARA ELLEN.

Allegretto.

In Scot - land I was

Allegro.

mf *p*

In Scot - land is my dwel - ling. A

cres.

b *cres.*

born and bred, In Scot - land is my dwel - ling. A

cres.

f *dim.* *p*

young man on his death-bed lay For the love of Bar - b'a El - len.

f *dim.* *p* *collego* *FINE.*

BARBARA ELLEN.

- 1 In Scotland I was born and bred,
In Scotland is my dwelling ;
A young man on his death bed lay
For the love of Barb'ra Ellen.
- 2 She went to his bedside and said :
I think you're dying surely.
A dying man ! pray don't say so,
One kiss of yours will cure me.
- 3 O cross, my Love, to the window light,
And see the tears come wellin' ;
The tears I cannot choose but shed,
For love of Barb'ra Ellen.
- 4 As I was going across the fields,
I heard some bells a-tellin',
And as they rung I seem they said,
Hard hearted Barb'ra Ellen.
- 5 Hard hearted girl I must have been,
To the lad that loves me nearly ;
I wish I had my time again,
I'd love that young man dearly.
- 6 As I was going through the street,
I saw some corpse a-coming :
Yon corpse of clay lay down, I pray,
That I may gaze all on thee.
- 7 The more she looked the more she laughed
Until she burst out laughing ;
Till all her friends cried out : For shame !
Hard hearted Barb'ra Ellen.
- 8 So she went home : Dear mother, she says,
O make my bed, dear mother,
My young man died on one good day,
And I shall die on another.
- 9 You make my bed, dear Mother, she said,
You make it long and narrow,
My young man died for love, she cried.
And I shall die for sorrow.
- 10 They both were buried in one churchyard,
They both lay in one squair,
And out of her sprung a red rosebud,
And out of him sweet briar.
- 11 Then they grew up to the high church wall
Till they could grow no higher,
And back they returned in a true love's knot,
Red roses and sweet briar.

XXIII. LORD RENDAL.

FIRST VERSION.

Music score for 'Lord Rendal' in G major, 2/4 time. The score consists of four staves: Treble, Alto, Bass, and a Pedal (Pianoforte) staff. The vocal parts are in 2/4 time, while the Pedal part is in 6/8 time. The vocal parts begin with a piano dynamic (p) and a forte dynamic (f). The lyrics are as follows:

Where have you been all the day,
Where have you been all the day, my pret - ty one? I've

Ren - dal my son? Where have you been all the day, my pret - ty one? I've

been to my sweet-heart, mo - ther, I've been to my sweet-heart,

been to my sweet-heart, mo - ther, I've been to my sweet-heart,

mo - ther. Make my bed soon, For I'm sick to my heart and I

mo - ther. Make my bed soon, For I'm sick to my heart and I

The score includes various performance markings: dynamic changes (p, f, mf), tempo changes (L'istesso tempo.), and specific instructions for the Pedal (Ped., * Ped., * Ped., *). The page number 46 is at the bottom right.



LORD RENDAL.

FIRST VERSION.

- 1 WHERE have you been all the day, Rendal, my son ?
Where have you been all the day, my pretty one ?
I've been to my sweetheart, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.
- 2 What have you been eating, Rendal, my son ?
What have you been eating, my pretty one ?
O eels and eel broth, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.
- 3 Where did she get them from, Rendal, my son ?
Where did she get them from, my pretty one ?
From hedges and ditches, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.
- 4 What was the colour on their skin, Rendal, my son ?
What was the colour on their skin, my pretty one ?
O spickit and sparkit, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.
- 5 What will you leave your father, Rendal, my son ?
What will you leave your father, my pretty one ?
My land and houses, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.
- 6 What will you leave your mother, Rendal, my son ?
What will you leave your mother, my pretty one ?
My gold and silver, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.
- 7 What will you leave your brother, Rendal, my son ?
What will you leave your brother, my pretty one ?
My cows and horses, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.
- 8 What will you leave your lover, Rendal, my son ?
What will you leave your lover, my pretty one ?
A rope to hang her, mother, make my bed soon,
For I'm sick to my heart and I fain would lie down.

XXIV. LORD RENDAL.

SECOND VERSION.

Allegretto.

O where have you been, Ren-dal my son? O where have you been, my

Allegretto.

p

cres. dim. p

sweet pret-ty one? I've been to my sweetheart, O make my bed soon, I'm

cres. dim.

p

sick to my heart and fain would lie down. O

p

what did she give you, Ren-dal my son? O what did she give you,

my pret-ty one? She gave me some eels. O make my bed soon, I'm

cret. dim. p

sick to my heart and fain would lie down.

D.C.

D.C.

FINE.

Ped. *

- 1 O where have you been, Rendal my son ?
O where have you been, my sweet pretty one ?
I've been to my sweetheart, O make my bed soon,
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.
- 2 O what did she give you, Rendal my son ?
O what did she give you, my pretty one ?
She gave me some eels, O make my bed soon,
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.
- 3 O what colour were they, Rendal my son ?
O what colour were they, my pretty one ?
They were spickit and sparkit, O make my bed soon,
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.
- 4 O where did she get them, Rendal my son ?
O where did she get them, my pretty one ?
From hedges and ditches, O make my bed soon,
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.
- 5 O where are your bloodhounds, Rendal my son ?
O where are your bloodhounds, my pretty one ?
They swelled and they died, O make my bed soon,
I'm sick to my heart and fain would lie down.
- 6 O that was strong poison, Rendal my son !
O that was strong poison, my pretty one !
You'll die, you'll die, Rendal my son,
You'll die, you'll die, my sweet pretty one.

XXV. CREEPING JANE.

Allegro moderato.

Allegro moderato.

f

mf

I will sing you a song, And a

FINE.

pre - ty lit - le song Con - cern - ing of creep - ing Jane. She nev - er ran a race with a

horse or a mare, She nev - er was a val - lied as a pea - ne-lal - lie - day; Sing

pea - ne-lal - li - lie - day, She nev - er was a val - lied as a pea - ne-lal - li - day.

D.C.

D.C.

CREEPING JANE.

- 1 I WILL sing you a song, and a pretty little song,
Concerning of Creeping Jane.
She never ran a race with a horse or a mare,
She never was a valied as a pea ne lalli day ;
Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day
She never was a valied as a pea ne lalli day.
- 2 Now when she came to the first mile post,
Little Jane she was behind,
All they could say of my little Creeping Jane :
My fair little lady you're behind the lalli day !
Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day,
My fair little lady you're behind the lalli day !
- 3 And when she came to the second mile post,
Little Jane she still kept behind,
All they could say of my little Creeping Jane :
My fair little lady, you're behind the lalli day !
Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day,
My fair little lady, you're behind the lalli day !
- 4 But when she came to the third mile post,
Little Jane she still kept behind.
The rider clapt his whip round her slender little waist,
So she scuddled o'er the marshes like a pea ne lalli day !
Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day,
So she scuddled o'er the marshes like a pea ne lalli day !
- 5 And now little Jane she has won the race ;
She scarcely sweats a hair,
She is able for to race it all over again
While the others are not able for to trot the lalli day !
Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day,
While the others are not able for to trot the lalli day !
- 6 But, now little Jane is dead and gone,
And her body lies on the cold ground.
I went unto the Master for to ask leave of him
For to keep her little body from the hounds and lalli day !
Sing pea ne lalli-li-lie-day,
For to keep her little body from the hounds and lalli day ?

XXVI. BRENNAN ON THE MOOR.

Allegro risoluto.

It's of a fear-less

Allegro risoluto.

high-way-man a sto - ry I will tell: His name was Wil-liam Bren-nan and in

Ire-land he did dwell, And up - on the Lib-er-ty moun-tains he commenced his wild ca -

- reer, Where ma - ny a wealth - y gen - tle - man be - fore him shook with fear.

2 A brace of loaded pistols he did carry
night and day,
He never robbed a poor man all on the
King's highway ;
But what he'd taken from the rich, like
Turpin and Black Bess,
He always did divide between the widows
in distress. *Chorus.* Bold, etc.

3 One day he robbed a packman and his
name was Pedlar Bawn ;
They travelled on together till the day
began to dawn.
The pedlar found his money gone, like-
wise his watch and chain :
He at once encountered Brennan and he
robbed him back again.

4 When Brennan saw the pedlar was as good
a man as he,
He took him on the highway his com-
panion to be ;
The pedlar threw away his pack without
any delay,
And proved a faithful comrade until his
dying day.

5 One day upon the King's highway as
Willie he sat down,
He met the Mayor of Cashel just a mile
outside the town ;

The Mayor he knew his features bold : O
you're my man, said he :
I think you're William Brennan, you must
come along o' me.

6 But Willie's wife had been to town pro-
visions for to buy,
And when she saw her Willie she began to
sob and cry ;
He said : Give me that tenpence ! As
quick as Willie spoke,
She handed him a blunderbuss from under-
neath her cloak.

7 Now with this loaded blunderbuss the
truth I will unfold,
He made the Mayor to tremble and he
robbed him of his gold ;
A hundred pounds was offered for his
apprehension there,
But he with horse and saddle to the moun-
tains did repair.

8 He lay among the fern all day, 'twas thick
upon the field,
And seven wounds he had received before
that he would yield ;
He was captured and found guilty, and
the judge made his reply :
For robbing on the King's highway you're
both condemned to die.

XXVII. POOR OLD HORSE.

When I was young and
in my prime And in my sta-ble lay, They gave to me the
v-e-ry-best corn And the choic-est hay. Poor old horse ! Poor old mare !

D.C. dal §
FINE.

2 My master used to ride me out
And tie me to a stile,
And he was courting the miller's girl
While I could trot a mile.
Poor old horse ! Poor old mare !

3 Now I am old and done for
And fit for nothing at all,
I'm forced to eat the sour grass
That grows along the wall.
Poor old horse ! Poor old mare !

4 Then lay my tott'ring legs so low
That have run very far,
O'er hedges and o'er ditches
O'er turnpike gate and bar.
Poor old horse ! Poor old mare !

5 My hide I'll give to the huntsman,
My shoes I'll throw away ;
The dogs shall eat my rotten flesh
And that's how I'll decay.
Poor old horse ! Poor old mare !

NOTES ON THE SONGS.

NOTES ON THE SONGS

BY

THE MUSICAL EDITOR.



No. 1. THE SEEDS OF LOVE.

Words and tune sung by Mr. John England, of Hambridge.



There is probably no exaggeration to say that this song is known to the peasant folk all over England. The words are closely allied to those of another ballad "The Sprig of Thyme." Indeed, the two sets of words have now become so intertwined that it is impossible to distinguish one from the other.

According to Whittaker's *History of the Parish of Whalley*, the words were written by a Mrs. Fleetwood Habergam, *circa* 1689, who "Undone by the extravagance, and disgraced by the vices of her husband," soothed her sorrows by writing of her woes in the symbolism of flowers. There is, however, some reason for doubting Mrs. Habergam's authorship, and for ascribing altogether an earlier date to the song.

Chappell, in *Popular Music of the Olden Time*, quotes Whittaker, and suggests that Mrs. Habergam's verses were originally sung to the tune of "Come open the door, sweet Betty." He, however, prints a traditional tune noted down by the late Sir George Macfarren.

The number of different tunes to which this ballad has been set is quite extraordinary. In *English County Songs* three, and in *The Journal of the Folk Song Society* six versions are printed. Then there is a setting in *Songs of the West*, and another in Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*. There is yet one more in Dr. Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*. I have, in addition, noted down twenty other tunes besides John England's, in different parts of Somerset (vide *Folk Song Society's Journal*, Vol. II. p. 23); and there are probably several more in private collections which have not yet seen the light.

John England's tune is well known in Hambridge and the immediate neighbourhood, but I have not heard it elsewhere in Somerset. So far as I know, it has hitherto escaped publication. Although not an ancient melody it is a very beautiful

air, and an excellent example of an English Folk-tune ; the interval of the octave between the 7th and 8th bars is very characteristic.

Mr. Frank Kidson writes :—

“ ‘The Sprig of Thyme’ and ‘I Sowed the Seeds of Love’ are certainly one and the same ballad. Since my *Traditional Tunes* was published I have obtained a very beautiful air from a Nottingham singer. The first published version of ‘The Seeds of Love’ was in Alexander Campbell’s *Albyn’s Anthology*, 1816, Vol. I, p. 40. The air is called a ‘Border Melody,’ and it was noted down by a Miss Pringle of Jedburgh. A fresh set of verses was written, but some fragments of the original song included in them.”

No. 2. GEORDIE.

Words and tune from Mrs. Overd, of Langport.

I have noted down the same tune, or very nearly so, from Mrs. Lucy White, who, however, could only remember one stanza of the words.

For other versions see Mr. Kidson’s *Traditional Tunes*, and *The Journal of the Folk Song Society*, vol. I, p. 164, and vol. II, p. 27. Mrs. Overd’s tune is quite distinct from Miss Broadwood’s Sussex version in the Journal, but it bears some resemblance to the melody given in *Traditional Tunes*.

There are several Scottish as well as English versions of the words in Child’s *English and Scottish Ballads*, and a set is printed in Buchan’s *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, Vol. I, p. 133, under the heading “Gight’s Lady.” In a note to the latter Buchan argues that the ballad “recounts an affair which actually took place in the reign, or rather the minority, of King James VI. Sir George Gordon of Gight, had become too familiar with the laird of Bignet’s lady, for which the former was imprisoned and likely to lose his life, but for the timely interference of Lady Ann, his lawful spouse, who came to Edinburgh to plead his cause, which she did with success—gained his life, and was rewarded with the loss of her own, by the hand of her ungrateful husband.” But it will be seen that our version cannot refer to this incident.

Versions of the words are also published in Johnson’s *Scots Musical Museum*, and in Kinloch’s *Ancient Scottish Ballads*. Kinloch argues that “Geordie” was George Gordon, Earl of Huntly, and that the incident related in the ballad “originated in the factions of the family of Huntly, during the reign of Queen Mary.” Motherwell, on the other hand, says that in some copies the hero is named George Luklie. In Ritson’s *Northumberland Garland* (1793), the Ballad is described as “A lamentable ditty made upon the death of a worthy gentleman, named George Stoole.”

The ballad is clearly an ancient one : Kinloch assigns it to the 16th Century.

Mr. Frank Kidson writes :—

“ The whole series of Geordie ballads sprung, I think, from one original, now lost ; and the notes by the early commentators, fixing the identity of the particular Geordie, are valueless. The ballad printed by Ritson is among the Roxburgh Broadsides in the British Museum. James Hogg gives one in his *Jacobite Relics*. In the Straloch Manuscripts (early 17th century), there is an air entitled ‘God be wi’ thee, Geordie.’ On broadsides by Such and others there is a corrupt English version. It is certainly extraordinary to find the ballad spread over the whole island.”

Miss Broadwood tells me that the Roxburgh broadside above referred to is "Life and Death of George of Oxford." It begins, "As I went over London Bridge"—and in it the "Lady Grey" is introduced and pleads for George of Oxford.

No. 3. THE SIGN OF THE BONNY BLUE BELL.

Words and tune sung by Mrs. Louie Hooper, of Hambridge.

The subject of this ballad appears to be related to 'I'm going to be married on Sunday,' in Dr. Joyce's *Ancient Irish Music*, No. 17; while the first three lines of the initial stanza are identical with the corresponding lines of another song in the same volume, No. 72.

The tune of this last song has some affinity with Mrs. Hooper's air, as also has that beautiful Dorian melody collected by Miss Lucy Broadwood in Surrey and printed at page 186 of Volume I of the *Folk Song Society's Journal*.

I am informed by Mr. Kidson that the words are printed on a broadside by Williamson of Newcastle, *circa* 1850, and by other ballad printers; and that one of the tunes in Walsh's *Twenty-four New Country Dances for the Year 1708* is named "I muh be marry'd a Tuesday." The Country Dance tune has nothing in common with Mrs. Hooper's air, which is an ancient melody cast in the Aeolian Mode.

No. 4. THE SWEET PRIMÉROSES.

Words and tune noted from Mrs. Lucy White, of Hambridge.

The words of this ballad are well known and are to be found on broadsides by Barracough of Nineatton and others. Variants of the tune are published in Dr. Barrett's *English Folk Songs*, and in Vol. I of the *Folk Song Society's Journal*, and I have in my collection several other versions noted from singers in Somerset and North Devon.

The interpolated syllable in "priméroses" was used by the singer in this song but not in her ordinary conversation. The Rev. S. Baring Gould has taken down several variants of the air, only one of which can be said to resemble Mrs. White's tune, and that air is called "The Sweet Primaroses," suggesting that this particular air is, in some subtle way, connected with the now unusual pronunciation of the word.

Bacon in his essay on "Gardening" refers to "Primaroses;" and in the *Dispute between Mary and the Gross* occurs the verse:—

I am the yerd; thou art the flour
My brid is borne by beest in boure
My primerose, my paramour
With love I lull thee.

(Royal MS. 18 A. 10.)

The rhythm of Mrs. White's tune is quite regular and simple, and in this particular differs from all the forms of the air that I am acquainted with. Barrett, in a note to his version remarks: "This song is usually sung without any attempt to emphasize the rhythm."

Mrs. White's words have been supplemented by those obtained from other Somerset singers.

Mr. Frank Kidson informs me that he has noted a version from a Yorkshire singer, and that this has the same characteristic which Dr. Barrett referred to, a lack of rhythm and bar accent. Though the singer of the Yorkshire version sang "primroses," yet, among country folk in many parts of Yorkshire, the name of the flower is pronounced "priméroses."

No. 5. SWEET KITTY.

Words and air from Mrs. Overd of Langport.

This very beautiful and ancient melody is in the Dorian Mode. Mrs. Overd's words were very fragmentary, and Mr. Marson has endeavoured to reconstruct the song, of which the meaning was utterly obscure.

I have noted down this ballad four times in different parts of Somerset.

No. 6. MOWING THE BARLEY.

Words and air sung by Mr. William Spearing, of Ille Brue.

I have noted down no variants of this dainty little ballad in Somerset. There is, however, a variant published in *Wiltshire Folk-Songs and Carols*, collected and edited by the Rev. G. Hill, M.A.

No. 7. THE UNQUIET GRAVE, OR, COLD BLOWS THE WIND.

Words and tune from Mrs. W. Ree of Hambridge.

This ballad is a great favourite with Somerset singers. I have noted down in Somerset no less than seventeen different tunes and variants (vide *Folk Song Society's Journal*, Vol. II, p. 6), and it has not been easy to select from these the most suitable one for this volume.

The supernatural theme is not often met with in English Folk-Song—nowadays, at any rate—and it is, therefore, a little puzzling to account for the wide-spread prevalence and apparent popularity of this particular ballad.

For published versions with tunes, see *Songs of the West*, No. 6; *English County Songs* p. 34; and *The Folk Song Society's Journal*, Vol. I, pp. 119 and 192.

A Scottish version of the words, under the title of "Charles Graeme," is in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs* (1828) vol. I, p. 89. In this version it will be noticed that the sexes are reversed and that it is the woman, not the man, who sits on the grave.

For other traditional versions of the words, see Professor Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*.

Mrs. Ree's words have been supplemented from other versions.

Miss Lucy Broadwood writes:—

"Compare the Ballad of 'William and Marjorie' in Motherwell's *Minstrelsy*, p. 186. The subject is similar, and the first half of the third stanza occurs in it. See also versions of the well-known ballad 'William and Margaret.'"

No. 8. BLOW AWAY THE MORNING DEW.

Words and air noted from Mrs. Lucy White of Hambridge and from Mrs. Price of Compton Martin.

Mrs. White's air is very nearly the same as Mrs. Price's : the tune here given is Mrs. White's, with the exception of the phrase at the 3rd and 4th bars of the refrain, which has been borrowed from Mrs. Price's version. I have also noted a third and very similar version from Mr. John Jeffrey of Ilm Bruers (see *The Folk-Song Society's Journal*, Vol. II, p. 10). It has been necessary for Mr. Marson to soften the words.

This ballad is a shortened form of "The Baffled Knight or Lady's Policy," a long ballad of 180 lines given in *Percy's Reliques*. The original words, beginning "Yonder comes a courteous knight," are preserved in *Deuteromelia*, 1609, and in *Pills to Purge Melancholy*, Vol. III, p. 37, (ed. 1719). The tune to which this old ballad was sung is in Rimbault's *Music to Reliques of Ancient Poetry*. The words here given appear to be derived more directly from a Northumbrian version, "Blow the winds I ho!" given in Bell's *Ballads of the English Peasantry*, and in Stokoe and Reay's *Ballads of Northern England*. See also "Blow away ye mountain breezes," and the note to the same, in *Songs of the West*.

A Scottish version of the ballad is known as "Jock Sheep" and is printed in *The Ballad Book* by Kinloch and Goldsmid at page 10. See also "The Abashed Knight" in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, Vol. II, p. 131.

The Somerset air is not an ancient one, but it is eminently suited to the breezy character of the words.

No. 9. WRAGGLE-TAGGLE GIPSIES, O.

Words and air by Mrs. Overd of Langport.

I have noted fourteen variants of this ballad in Somerset.

The song is a portion of a larger ballad known by the title "The Gipsy Countess." Under that heading a version, in two parts, is published in *Songs of the West*. Mrs. Overd's tune is a variant of "The Gipsy" in *A Garland of Country Song*. In the note appended to that song Mr. Baring Gould states that the tune was originally taken down to the words of "The Gipsy Countess."

A Scottish version of the song is in Ramsay's *Tea-Table Miscellany*, vol. IV, and is reprinted in the first volume of Brimley Johnson's *Popular British Ballads*. See also "Gypsie Laddie" in Herd's *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs*, vol. II, p. 95 (1791), and "Gipsy Davy" in Motherwell's *Minsrelsy, Ancient and Modern*, p. 360 (1827). In Finlay's *Scottish Ballads* (1808), the title is "Johnie Faa"; this version is reprinted in Whitelaw's *Scottish Ballads* (1875) where may also be found a long extract from Chambers's *Picture of Scotland*, suggesting, after the manner of Scottish commentators, an historical foundation to the story.

Mr. Frank Kidson reminds me that a variant of the Scottish version is printed on broadsides as "The Gipsy Laddie."

NOS. 10 AND 11. HARES ON THE MOUNTAINS.

Sung respectively by Mrs. Louie Hooper of Hambridge, and Mrs. Lock of Muchelney Ham.

Similar words are to be found in the novel of "Rory O More," by Sam Lover. Mr. Hermann Löhr has set these words to music (Chappell and Co.) and on the title page attributes them to Sam Lover. There is, however, a tune in the *Petrie Collection* No. 821 (Boosey and Co.) called "If all the young maidens be blackbirds and thrishes," which is also the opening line in the version given in "Rory O More." As, moreover, the tune in the *Petrie Collection* is in the same metre as Lover's words, it seems fair to conclude that the song is of folk origin, known to Sam Lover, and placed by him in the mouth of one of the characters in his story. This remark does not apply to the last verse, which is, probably, an addition made by the novelist.

Although I have noted down other versions from Mrs. Slade of Minehead (vide *Folk Song Society's Journal*, Vol. II, p. 40) and others, I cannot assert that the song is widely known in Somerset.

Neither of the tunes suggest Irish parentage, and there appears to be no reason to dispute their English origin. The latter half of Mrs. Louie Hooper's tune savours, perhaps, of the German Volkslied.

NO. 12. BRUTON TOWN.

Words and melody sung by Mrs. Overd of Langport.

Miss Lucy Broadwood has kindly pointed out to me that the story of this ballad is the same as that of Boccaccio's "Isabella and the pot of Basil" in the *Decameron*, and in the poem of the same name by Keats. It is true that "Bruton Town" breaks off at the wiping of the dead lover's eyes, and omits all mention of the gruesome incident of the planting of the head in the flower pot; yet, up to that point, the stories are nearly identical.

I am further informed by Miss Broadwood that the same ballad is to be found in a collection of songs by Hans Sachs with a versification very similar to that of Bruton Town. It may well be that the song was popular with the Minstrel of the Middle Ages, an assumption which would fully account for its being found in England as well as on the Continent.

The tune is in the Dorian Mode and is, presumably, an ancient melody. Mrs. Overd, in the course of the song, varied the last bar of the melody in four different ways (see *Folk Song Society's Journal*, Vol. II, p. 42). I have selected for harmonization that version which seems to me to be the most characteristic.

The words have been slightly re-arranged by Mr. Marson. Miss Broadwood wishes to add the following:—

"Hans Sachs begins his poem with the words 'In Cento Novelle I read how once a rich merchant,' etc.

"'Cento Novelle,' a translation of the *Decameron* by Steinhöwel (1482), was the source from which Sachs drew. 'Lisabetha' is Sachs's heroine. Though I have found nothing quite like Boccaccio's story in ballad collections at present, I have found a doggerel version of 'The story of patient Grisilda' in the Roxburgh Ballads, (17th Century), showing that Boccaccio's materials have been used by early ballad-writers. He, of course, made use of very old popular folk stories from the East as well as the West.

"A rather similar story is printed on a ballad-sheet by Such, called 'The Constant Farmer's Son.' A merchant has sons, and one daughter, who is courted by a farmer's son. The brothers wishing their sister to marry a lord invite the farmer's son to spend the day at a fair with them, and kill him with a stake. The sister, Mary, dreams that she sees her lover dead down by a crystal stream, and going there finds his corpse. She sees her brothers' guilty faces, and brings them to justice. They are punished with death; their parents fade away, and so does Mary 'for her Constant Farmer's Son.' The words of 'Bruton Town,' however, suggest Boccaccio more strongly than the former ballad." (See *Folk Song Journal*, Vol. I, p. 160.)

No. 13. AS I WALKED THROUGH THE MEADOWS.

Words and melody sung by Mr. Fredk. Crossman, of Huish Episcopi.

I have noted down other tunes to this song from Mrs. Louie Hooper, of Hambridge, and from Mrs. Overd, of Langport. (See *Folk Song Society's Journal*, Vol. II, p. 10.) The words are probably on broadsides, but I have not seen them.

No. 14. BANKS OF GREEN WILLOW.

Words and air sung by Mrs. Lucy White, of Cambridge.

This ballad is very generally sung throughout Somerset. I have taken it down nine times (see *Folk Song Society's Journal*, Vol. II, p. 33); the words were, in most cases, fragmentary, though Mrs. White's version was fairly complete.

All the versions that we have recovered were silent as to the reason why the woman and her baby were thrown overboard, which is, of course, a very necessary link in the chain of the narrative. Reference, therefore, had to be made to the Scottish version, "Bonnie Annie," which was first printed in Kinloch's *Ancient Scottish Ballads*, (1827). In that copy the mystery is thus explained:—

"There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me,
There's fey fowk in our ship, she winna sail for me."
They've casted black bullets twice six and forty,
And ae the black bullet fell on bonnie Annie."

Commenting on this verse Kinloch says :

"There is a prevalent belief among sea-faring people that, if a person who has committed any heinous crime be on ship-board, the vessel, as if conscious of its guilty burden, becomes unmanageable, and will not sail till the offender be removed: to discover whom they usually resort to the trial of those on board by *casting lots*; and the individual upon whom the lot falls is declared the criminal, it being believed that Divine Providence interposes in this manner to point out the guilty person."

Another instance of the same belief occurs in the well known English ballad, "The Cruel Ship's Carpenter."

In Kinloch's version the scene is laid in Ireland:—

"Ye'll steal your father's gowd, and your mother's money,
And I'll mak ye a lady in Ireland bonnie."

It is for this reason, presumably, that Motherwell conjectures that it "is an Irish ballad, though popular in Scotland." None of the versions that we have noted down make mention of either Scotland or Ireland; so I prefer to regard the ballad as British.

For further information about the words see Child's *English and Scottish Ballads*, I, 244. The Rev. S. Baring Gould has noted three versions of the ballad in Devonshire, and these, condensed into one narrative, are quoted in Child, IV, 453. Miss Broadwood points out that the tune has some similarity with that of "The Frog and the Crow," in Chappell's *Nursery Rhymes*, compiled by Rimbault.

Mr. Marson has adhered very closely to the words that we have recovered; the third verse is his own addition. He tells me that he connects the interesting word *taber* with the Biblical word *tab'ring* (Na. ii, 7) cf. *tabour*, *tabret*, etc. It probably means to strike, as in North's *Plutarch*, "brought the comonion rumor to taber on his head." But it may also connote a cry or noise, as in Chaucer's *Pro. to Legende of Good Women*.

"For in your court is many a losengeour
That tabouren in your ears many a soun."

No. 15. THE TREES THEY DO GROW HIGH.

Words and air from Mr. Harry Richards of Curry Rivel.

Versions of this song are published in *Songs of the West* No. IV, in Christie's *Traditional Ballad Airs*, under the heading "Young Craigston," and in the *Journal of the Folk Song Society* Vol. 1, p. 214. There is a very full note to the song in *Songs of the West*.

The tune here given is in the Dorian Mode and is a variant of the one in *Songs of the West*, and also of that in the *Folk Song Journal*. It is the tune to which the song is usually sung in Somerset and elsewhere. Mrs. Glover, of Huish Episcopi, gave me a different version of the words, and a different tune, though in the same Mode (see *Folk Song Society's Journal*, Vol. II, p. 44); and I have noted down still another variant in East Harptree. Mr. Richards varied the last phrase of the tune of each verse in a very interesting manner. To have included these varied endings would have occupied too much space, so the tune to the first verse has alone been given. Mr. Marson has slightly recast the words, in deference to modern susceptibilities.

Mr. Kidson writes:—

"This curious old song is common all over the country: I have noted down a version in Yorkshire. In Scotland it appears to have been always associated with 'Young Craigston.' Apparently, the earliest version is that in Johnson's *Scots Musical Museum* (1792) Vol. IV, where it is given with an air under the title 'Lady Mary Ann.' Allan Cunningham in his edition of Burns tells us that Burns himself took down the melody given by Johnson and set it to the old ballad 'Craigston's Growing.' Stenhouse in his notes to Johnson's *Museum* speaks of the ballad 'Craigston's Growing' as being in a MS. collection of 'Ancient Scottish Ballads' in the possession of the Rev. Robert Scott of Glenbucket, together with other old ballads believed to be lost. It would be interesting to know the whereabouts of this MS. collection, if it is still in existence.

"In 1824 Maidment inserted the ballad in his *North Countrie Garland*; there is also another country version in Protherwell's edition of Burns, Vol. III, p. 42."

No. 16. SHOOTING OF HIS DEAR.

Words and air from Mrs. Lucy White of Hambridge.

The Rev. S. Baring Gould has published a version of this ballad under the title of "The Setting of the Sun," (Weekes & Co.). Both the words and melody of that song are, however, different from Mrs. White's, although the theme is the same.

Another version was given me by Mr. Clarence Rook, who heard it sung, twenty years ago, by a very old man at a harvest supper at Homestall, Doddington, Kent; (see the *Folk Song Society's Journal*, vol. II, p. 60) and I have noted down yet another version from Mrs. Glover of Huish Episcopi.

In each of these three versions an attempt is made to account for the mistake upon which the plot turns, by adducing reasons other than supernatural: *e.g.* it took place in the dusk,—during a shower of rain,—a white apron was tied over her head, —etc. I would hazard the suggestion that the ballad is the survival of a genuine piece of Celtic or, still more probably, of Norse imagination, and that the attempts to account for the tragedy without resort to the supernatural are the interpolations of a later and less imaginative generation.

It is certainly now rather unusual to meet with anything of the supernatural order in an English ballad; and some may see, in its occurrence in this song, an indication of Celtic origin. This suspicion is strengthened by the presence of certain Irish characteristics in the tune. At the same time, the idea of changed shape is more Norse than Celtic, and such ballads as "Cold blows the wind," and "The cruel ship's carpenter," shew that the supernatural element is not necessarily un-English.

No. 17. THE FOGGY DEW.

Words and air from Mrs. Louie Hooper of Hambridge.

For other versions of this song see *Folk Song Society's Journal*, Vol. I, p. 134; Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, p. 165; and Bunting's *Ancient Music of Ireland*, 1840, (tune only).

Mr. Kidson maintained in an article in the *Musical Times* some years ago, that the well-known melody to "Ye Banks and Braes" was originally mated to the words of "The Foggy Dew," before Burns displaced them with his own lyric. Sir C. V. Stanford's very beautiful song, "The Foggy Dew," is Bunting's tune to modern words by Mr. Graves.

I have noted down the tune several times in Somerset, and once in North Devon. It is usually sung in Somerset, not to Mrs. Hooper's tune, but to a variant of the air given in Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*.

Mr. Marson has re-written the words, retaining as many lines of Mrs. Hooper's song as were desirable.

No. 18. SHEEP-SHEARING SONG.

Words and air sung by Mr. William King, of East Harptree.

I noted down this song from Mr. William King, in April, 1904, at a "sing-song" held in the parlour of "The Castle of Comfort" on Mendip. I would commend this song to the notice of those who think that no good music can proceed from a tavern.

Mr. King afterwards sang this song at the Mid-Somerset Musical Festival, 1904,

held at Frome, and carried off the first prize for Folk-Songs, presented by Mrs. W. W. Kettlewell—a striking instance of the immense value of these competitions.

A version of this song was noted down by the Rev. John Broadwood, before 1840, and may be found in *Sussex Songs*, (Leonard and Co., Oxford Street), and in Miss Mason's *Nursery Rhymes and Country Songs*, (Metzler & Co.) This version differs considerably from Mr. King's song, although both in the words and in the tune, there are points of similarity.

Another version is printed in *English Songs*, p. 478 (B.M.H. 1601), and in *A Collection of English Ballads from the beginning of the present century when they were first engraved and published singly*, Vol. VIII, p. 84, (1790). The song in the former is headed "Sung by Mr. Burkhead," and in the latter, "Sung by Mr. Burkhead and set by Mr. J. Barrett."

Both the tune and the words of this version are very different from Mr. King's song, yet they possess points in common. From this it may be inferred that the 18th century version is but another traditional form of the song, noted and probably edited also by Barrett or a contemporary. The words of the second verse of Barrett's song bear the stamp of the 18th century and were probably added by him.

The whole question of the history of this interesting ballad is surrounded with difficulty. It is discussed at some length in the *Journal of the Folk Song Society*, Vol. I, p. 262, where Mr. King's song is printed. It is there contended that John Barrett composed the music. This view I do not share. Barrett's tune, although not a pure Dorian melody, as is Mr. King's, is, nevertheless, tinged with the peculiarities of that mode, a fact, which goes far to prove that it was not the original production of an 18th century composer.

Mr. Frank Kidson adds the following note:—

"I am at one with the musical Editor with regard to the great beauty of the melody, but I am not quite sure that I agree with his supposition that the traditional melody is older than Barrett's. I am in possession of the original sheet headed 'The Sheep-shearing Ballad sung by Mr. Burkhead,' and of the copy in the first volume of 'The Merry Musician, or A Cure for the Spleen,' (1716), in which there is the additional information 'Set by Mr. J. Barrett.' I have found that this ditty was first given in a play, acted in 1715, called 'Country Lasses, or The Custom of the Manor,' with incidental music by John Barrett. In the course of the play country lads and lasses sing this song and afterwards dance. The song, as given in the play, is headed, 'The Sheep-Shearing—a ballad.' (Vide *Folk Song Society's Journal*, Vol. I, p. 263).

"I am rather inclined to believe that the Somerset singers have got hold of Barrett's air and song and altered it. I must confess, however, that there is evidence equally strong for the other view, *viz* :—that Barrett adapted an existing traditional song and melody.

"Charles Dibdin used the sentiments expressed in the last verse of Barrett's song for a Sheep-shearing song which he wrote."

NO. 19. THE TWO MAGICIANS.

Words and tune from Mr. Sparks, blacksmith, of Minehead.

The words of this ballad were first printed in 1828 in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads and Songs*, Vol. I, p. 24. In a note the Editor adds:—"There is a novelty in this

legendary ballad very amusing, and it must be very old—I never saw anything in print which had the smallest resemblance to it."

The words are reprinted in Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Ballads* (1875) and in Brimley Johnson's *Popular British Ballads* (1894). Mr. Sparks's version is very different from that given by Buchan, although the theme of the two songs is the same.

After noting the song at Minehead I questioned many Somerset singers about it, but, except Mrs. Welch of Ille Bruers, no one had any knowledge of it; and Mrs. Welch could recall none of the tune, and only a line or so of the words.

The tune is not an old one, and it is manifestly much more modern than the words.

Except that Mr. Marson has made one or two slight alterations in the words, they are given in the text precisely as Mr. Sparks sang them. In Child's *English and Scottish Ballads* I, 244, the editor prints Buchan's version and says:—

"This is a base born cousin of a pretty ballad known all over Southern Europe and elsewhere, and in especially graceful forms in France."

"The French ballad generally begins with a young man's announcing that he has won a mistress, and intends to pay her a visit on Sunday, or to give her an *aufrage*. She declines his visit or his music. To avoid him she will turn e.g., into a rose; then he will turn bee and kiss her. She will turn quail; he sportsman, and bag her. She will turn carp; he angler, and catch her. She will turn hare; and he hound. She will turn nun; and he priest and confess her day and night. She will fall sick; he will watch with her or be her doctor. She will become a star; he a cloud, and muffle her. She will die; he will turn earth into which they will put her, or into St. Peter, and receive her into Paradise. In the end she says, 'Since you are inevitable, you may as well have me as another; ' or more complaisantly 'Je me donnerai à toi, puisque tu m'aimes tant.'

The ballad in some such form as this is known in Spain, Italy, Roumania, Greece, Moravia, Poland and Servia. In Clouston's *Popular Tales and Fiction* there is an interesting chapter on "Magical Transformations and Magical Conflict." Mr. Kidson writes:—"There is a similar story of a battle of transformation between two magicians in a story in the Arabian Nights' Entertainment." The ballad is certainly very ancient.

No. 20. THE FALSE BRIDE.

Words and air sung by Mrs. Lucy White of Hambridge.

This ballad is printed in *Songs of the West*, under the title of "The False Lover," to a different tune and with words revised by Mr. Baring Gould. There is also a version of the song in *The Folk Song Society's Journal*, Vol. I, p. 23, the tune of which bears some slight resemblance to Mrs. White's air. I have also noted variants of both words and melody from Mrs. Overd of Langport, from Mrs. Mogg of Holford, and others. (Vide *Folk Song Society's Journal*, Vol. II, p. 12).

Under the heading of "The False Nymph," the words are printed in *The New Pantheon Concert*, No. 14, (1773), one of the Aldermanry Church Yard song books (B.M. 11621, e. 6).

The Hambridge air is an old one, with perhaps some modern additions.

Miss Lucy Broadwood has kindly furnished me with the following additional references.

“A version ‘The Forlorn Lover,’ declaiming, ‘How a Lass gave her Lover three slips for a Teaster, and married another a week before Easter,’ in 16 stanzas, is on a broadside by John White, Newcastle on Tyne (circa James II). Two other versions are in the Roxburgh Ballads c. 20, f. g. Vol. III, p. 324 and c. 20, f. g. Vol. III, p. 672.

No. 21. HIGH GERMANY.

Sung by Mrs. Lock of Muchelney Ham.

As the Rev. S. Baring Gould points out, in a note to a song of the same name in *A Garland of Country Song*, there are two folk-songs bearing the title of “High Germany.” The words of one of them, that given here, may be found on a broadside by Such, No. 329, and also in *A Collection of Choice Garlands, circa 1780*. The second song is printed on a Catnach broadside and is called “The True Lovers : or the King’s command must be obeyed,” although it is popularly known as “High Germany.” Both songs treat of the same theme (see *Folk Song Society’s Journal*, vol. II, p. 25).

Mr. Tom Sprachlan of Hambridge gave us a variant of Mrs. Lock’s song, and as his words were more complete than hers, Mr. Marson has made some use of them in arranging the text (see the *Journal of the Irish Folk Song Society*, Vol. I, p. 10).

The tune is an old one in the Aeolian Mode ; there is a martial air about it, which suits the words wonderfully well.

No. 22. BARBARA ELLEN.

Sung by Mrs. Louie Hooper of Hambridge.

Mrs. Louie Hooper could only remember the last two verses of the words, but referred us to Mrs. Ree of Hambridge for the rest of the song. There is no ballad that is better known in Somerset than that of “Barbara Ellen,” or “Barbarous Edelin,” as it is usually called. I have noted down at least half-a-dozen different tunes, all of them, strange to say, in the unusual measure of 5-time (see the *Folk Song Society’s Journal*, Vol. II, p. 15).

Nos. 23 and 24. LORD RENDAL.

First version sung by Mrs. Perry of Langport; second version by Mrs. Louie Hooper of Hambridge.

I have noted down no less than fifteen variants of this song in Somerset (see the *Folk Song Society’s Journal*, Vol. II, p. 29). The words given in the first version are compiled from several copies. The second version is Mrs. Hooper’s song exactly as she sang it with the exception of the penultimate verse.

Perhaps the earliest printed version of this ballad is in Johnson’s *The Scots Musical Museum* (1787-1803) under the heading “Lord Ronald my Son”; and that is a

fragment only. The "Willy Doo" in Buchan's *Ancient Ballads* (1828) is the same song; see also "Portmore" in the same volume.

Sir Walter Scott, in *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* (1838), calls it "Lord Randal" and thinks it not impossible, "that the ballad may have originally regarded the death of Thomas Randolph, or Randal, Earl of Murray, nephew to Robert Bruce and governor of Scotland. This great warrior died at Musselburgh, 1332, at the moment when his services were most necessary to his country, already threatened by an English army. For this sole reason, perhaps, our historians obstinately impute his death to poison." But, of course, Sir Walter did not know how many countries have the ballad.

A nursery version of the ballad is quoted in Whitelaw's *Book of Scottish Ballads*, under the title "The Croodlin Doo," (Cooing dove). Jamieson gives a Suffolk variant, and also a translation of the German version of the same song called "Grossmutter Schlangenkochin," i.e. Grandmother Adder-cook. The German version is like the Somerset, in that it attributes the poisoning to snakes, not toads, which is the Scottish tradition. Kinloch remarks:—"Might not the Scots proverbial phrase, 'To gie one frog instead of fish,' as meaning to substitute what is bad or disagreeable, for expected good, be viewed as allied to the idea of the venomous quality of the toad?" Sir Walter Scott quotes from a MS. Chronicle of England which describes in quaint language how King John was poisoned by a concoction of toads:—"Tho went the monke into a gardene, and fonda a tode therin; and toke her upp, and put hys in a cuppe, and filled it with good ale, and pryked hys in every place, in the cuppe, till the venom come out in every place; and brought hitt befor the kyng, and knelyd, and said, 'Sir, wassayle; for never in your lyfe dranke ye of such a cuppe.'

A very beautiful version of the song is given in "A Garland of Country Song," No. 38. In the note Mr. Baring Gould remarks that, not only is the ballad popularly known in England and Ireland, but that it has also been noted down in Italy, Germany, Holland, Denmark, Sweden, Hungary, Bohemia and Iceland. The ballad is exhaustively dealt with by Professor Child.

In Somerset the hero is variously styled "Rendal," "Henry," or "Daniel."

A ballad so extensively sung throughout Somerset could not, of course, be excluded from this volume; but to decide which version to include was a matter of no small difficulty. Three of the fifteen tunes I have recovered followed the words very closely and expressively, and in a manner somewhat unusual in folk song; the remaining twelve were ballad tunes of the more usual type. After some deliberation it has been decided to print two versions, choosing one tune from each category.

The Somerset expression "Spicket and sparkit" (meaning speckled and blotched) was given us by Mrs. Louie Hooper of Hambridge only.

I noted a very interesting modal air from Mr. W. Wyatt of West Harptree. I afterwards heard that his brother was so well-known for his singing of this song, that he was popularly nick-named in the district "Spotted-on-the-back Sammy."

Mr. Frank Kidson adds the following:

"Sir Walter in his *Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border* mentions a 'beautiful air to this old ballad.' Alexander Campbell (his old music master) obtained from Sir Walter Scott's daughter the air referred to and published it with the words in *Albyn's Anthology*, (1818), Vol. II

No. 25. CREEPING JANE.

Words and air sung by Mrs. Louie Hooper of Hambridge.

I have noted down this song six times in Somerset. It is also well-known in Devonshire, where Mr. Baring Gould has recovered a version. Dr. Vaughan Williams has noted a variant in Sussex, and Mr. F. Kidson a version in Yorkshire. The latter is printed in *The Folk Song Society's Journal*, Vol. I, p. 233.

The words are on a broadside by Such, No. 317. For a Suffolk version of the words, see *Euphranor* by E. Fitzgerald.

No. 26. BRENNAN ON THE MOOR.

Words and tune sung by Mr. Tom Sprachlan, of Hambridge.

The words, which are evidently Irish, are to be found on broadsides. The tune is in the Mixolydian Mode, and belongs to the "Villikins and his Dinah" type of melody, so beloved by the village singer. Variants of the tune will be found in "The Farmer's Daughter," "The Painful Plough" in *English County Songs*, in "The Golden Glove" in Mr. Kidson's *Traditional Tunes*, and elsewhere.

It is customary to regard the threefold iteration of the key-note at the cadence as distinctively Irish. If this view were correct a very large number of the most popular and characteristic English folk songs would have to be set down to Irish parentage. It seems difficult to believe that this can be so.

Mr. Baring Gould told me that he had taken down several versions of this song in Devonshire, but being informed that it was an Irish song, he refrained from including it in any of his collections.

Mr. Kidson in his *Traditional Tunes* gives an air which is not substantially different from Mr. Tom Sprachlan's; our excuse for including it in this collection is, that we have found it a very popular song with public audiences, and that a harmonized version of it has not, so far as we are aware, yet been published. "Libbery" probably means "Limerick."

Mr. Kidson writes:—

"I do not consider the song or tune very old, though the air is bold and good. It would be easy to ascertain from criminal records when Brennan lived. I suppose it would be in the early years of the 19th century. In one of the newspapers (March 1904) there was record of the death in Mitchelstown workhouse, Co. Cork, of Thomas Fitzgerald, aged 106. It was stated that 'in his youth he befriended a notorious highwayman, known as 'Brennan on the Moor,' who held sway in North-east Cork early in the last century, and whose exploits are still talked of among the peasantry.'

Tenpence, in verse 6, was a rebel term for a musket, in 1798, that being the price at which the Irish rebels retailed this luxury to one another.

No. 27. POOR OLD HORSE.

Words and tune from Mrs. Hooper.

I have noted down several Somerset variants, including one that was sung to me by Mr. C. Shire, blacksmith, of Langport.

A copy of the words, "As sung by the Mummers in the Neighbourhood of

Richmond, Yorkshire, at the merrie time of Christmas," is printed in Bell's *Songs of the Peasantry*, headed by the following note :—

" The rustic actor who sings the following song is dressed as an old horse, and at the end of every verse the jaws are snapped in chorus. It is a very old composition and is now printed for the first time. The 'old horse' is, probably of Scandinavian origin—a reminiscence of Odin's Sleipnor."

Mrs. Hooper's tune is different from all the versions that have been published. Miss M. H. Mason prints a Nottinghamshire variant in *Nursery Rhymes*, and a Tyneside version was published in Tophiff's *Melodies of the Tyne and Wear* and afterwards included in *Songs of Northern England*. The Rev. S. Baring Gould, who differs from Bell as to the age of the song, and, moreover, points out that the words are to be found on broadsides by Hodges and Leech, has noted down two versions in Devonshire, one of which is published in *Songs of the West*. There are two variants printed in the *Folk Song Society's Journal*, Vol. I, pp. 75 and 260.

Mr. Kidson writes :—" I do not think that the song 'Poor Old Horse,' as sung traditionally and as printed on broadsides, has anything whatever to do with a Scandinavian origin. The words are evidently of the early 19th century or late 18th century period, and simply sing of the hardships undergone by a poor worn-out horse. Thomas Bewick, the wood engraver, at the period I assume that the song was first popular, engraved a large block of an old horse, standing in the rain and wind. He gave it the title 'Waiting for Death.' It is possible that the ballad, which we know was popular in the North, gave him the idea.

" There are many curious references in popular sayings to the old horse, which have nothing to do with the ballad. 'Working on the dead horse' is doing a job for which the workman has obtained prepayment, with the inevitable result that the work is neither so well nor so readily done."

